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NORTH SECOND STREET AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY TOWNSEND WARD.

The story of North Second Street necessarily begins at Market, where that of South Second Street ended. In connection, however, with the former article it may be said that since this went into the printer's hands, the City Councils have provided that the northern end of Letitia Street may be opened to an equal width with the southern portion.

William Bradford was the first person in America to issue proposals to print the Bible, which he did so early as 1687, but it is not known where his office was situated. Two years afterwards he printed some matter reflecting on public affairs, for which he was arrested. It was on his trial for this alleged offence, which probably took place at the Court House, that the liberty of the press was asserted for the first time in the history of the world. His son Andrew, also a printer, held the place of postmaster, and had his office on the west side of Second Street below Market; and in 1736, he advertised in his *Mercury* as follows:—"All persons who are indebted to Andrew Bradford, Post Master, for Postage of Letters, are desired forthwith to come and Pay the same: some having been above four years standing. And all Persons are desired to take notice, That whereas the giving Credits, and keeping Accounts of Postage of letters is found to be very troublesome (and has been a great Loss to the Postmaster, who has lost some Pounds by it), so, for the Future, he desires all Persons whatsoever to send Pay for their Letters, there being small running Cash enough in this Province. And for the Future there will be no Accounts kept for Postage, nor any Letters delivered without Postage paid."

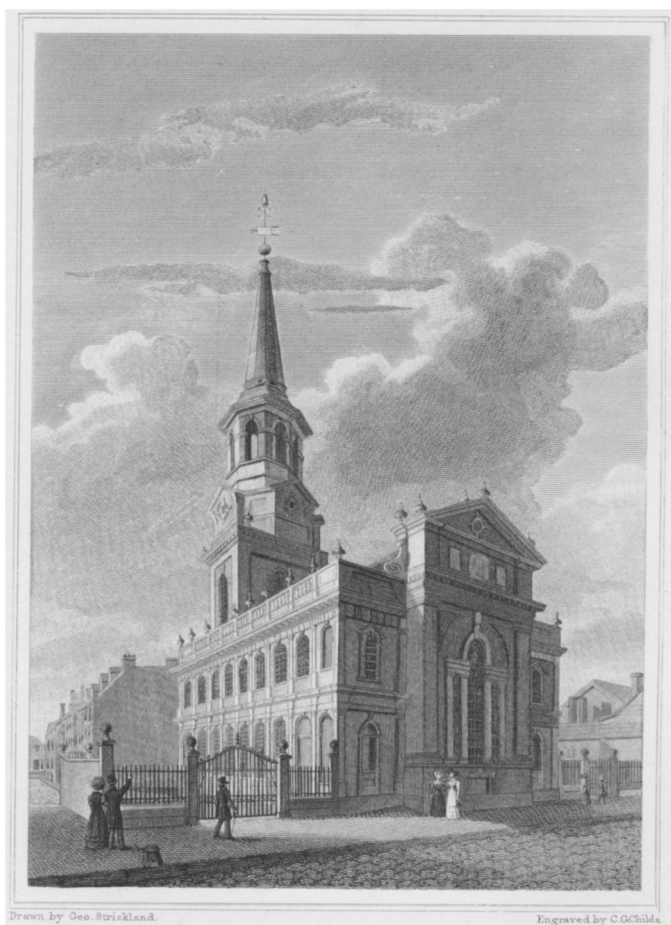
Gabriel Thomas, in 1698, says: "There is lately built a *Noble Towne House* or *Guild Hall*, also a handsom *Market House*, and a convenient *Prison*." These, along with the

whipping-post and pillory, stood in the middle of Market Street on the west side of Second. The "Noble Towne House," probably did not stand many years, as there seems to be good reason to suppose that a later structure, built on arches, was erected in 1707, and is the same that was taken down in 1837. It was an important place. Monarchs on their accession were there proclaimed; wars were thence declared; and peace, when it came to bless the people, there found a voice to utter it. New Governors addressed the people over whom they were appointed to rule, from its balcony; the emblem of sovereignty, the royal arms of England, was there displayed. This quaint old painting with the initials and motto of Queen Anne, is preserved in the gallery of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The Hall was the central point from which all distances were measured. It attracted to itself everything: in 1730, the vendue room, in the north-west corner, was rented to Patrick Baird, Chirurgeon. His name is on the First Dancing Assembly List, and there exists a portrait of him, both tending to prove that he was a person of some importance.

The essential elements of government that had been gathered around the old court house, were provided none too soon. Forecast, no doubt, detected the rising troubles which culminated in 1706, when, in a panic, two constables were directed to be set upon the watch till further orders, and the market bell was arranged to be rung in case the "suspected French vessels" appeared. Rumors of them came, but *they* came not. The equanimity of solid Friends was, however, greatly disturbed by the young Governor Evans, wildly rushing along the streets with a drawn sword held aloft, as if in search of a hidden foe. As no foe was found, Friends were satisfied in their minds that the governor was indiscreet. Years rolled on, yet the dreaded French came not; and a whole generation passed away in peace. On the 17th of August, 1741, it appearing to Council that "many disorderly persons meet every evening about the Court House, and great numbers of negroes and others sit there with milk-pails and other things late at night, it is ordered by Council that all

persons depart thence in half an hour after sunset." And thus it would seem that corruption had been bred among the lower orders, and in a degree that can hardly now be credited. On the 21st of July, 1768, Council "agreed that chains be made and put up across Market Street and Second Street, about sixty feet from the intersection of the streets, so as to prevent carts and other carriages passing thro' the market on market days, to be taken down at nine o'clock in the morning in Summer and ten in Winter." It was perhaps from this example, that afterwards some of the churches resorted to the same mode of blockading travel, to sanction which, an Act of Assembly was passed about the year 1799, though the measure was opposed by so considerable a person as Robert Ralston. The practice was continued until less than half a century ago, when it was prohibited by another Act of Assembly, brought about in this wise. On a Sunday morning Mr. George L. Harrison drove into town to obtain a physician for some dying member of his father's family. In attempting to return home, street after street was found to be closed against them, and much precious time was consequently lost. A narration of the occurrence was written by a friend, and sent to the late Jesse R. Burden, then in the Senate, who immediately secured the act of prohibition. That this was obtained upon its intrinsic merit is proved by the fact that Mr. Burden was unable to decipher the name of the writer, so he cut the signature off, and pasted it on the outside of his letter of reply. At Seventh and Locust Streets, and elsewhere I believe, may yet be seen in the curb-stones, iron sockets in which were inserted the iron posts to sustain the chains that were stretched across the streets.

In the old court-house, near the site of which we still linger, the admiring audiences of the day listened to the eloquence of Francis, and Hamilton, and Chew, and Ross, and of Galloway and Dickinson, and later, though hardly by a generation, came Wilson and Lewis, and Rawle, and Jared Ingersoll still to delight them. Their fees were in doubloons, and half-joes, and Spanish pistoles, and no doubt at times, in pieces-of-eight, for our commerce with the islands that supplied such coins,



Drawn by Geo. Strickland.

Engraved by C. G. Childs.

CHRIST CHURCH.

Pub. by C. G. Childs, Engraver Philad.^a - 1822.

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was at that time great. It may be that the long-continued attempt to do without lawyers, resulted in the necessity, with such abounding wealth as was here, for that legal ability which, thus bred, has made the acumen of the Philadelphia Bar so proverbial. Separated from the laity by the garb of their profession, the black gown, the white band, and the wig, the members of the bar were in striking contrast with other gentlemen of the day. Those were arrayed in garments of every hue,—blue, green, yellow, blossom, purple, scarlet, violet, and not a few, in those early days, in that delicate neutral tint, the drab. Perhaps being thus set apart, as it were, the eloquence of these noted advocates seemed to be that of creatures more than mortal.

In 1695 there were about two thousand houses in the city, and the first building for Christ Church had been erected. Gabriel Thomas pronounced it to be “a very fine church.” With enlarged views the eastern end of the present building was commenced in 1727, the western portion in 1731, and the completion of the whole was effected in 1744; the steeple, however, not being added until 1753–4, when also the bells were obtained in London, and brought over in the *Myrtilla* by Captain Budden. They were always rung on his return to port. At the time of the Revolution they were saved by being removed to Allentown. The effigy of George III., torn down by the wily promoters of the Revolution, is preserved in the muniment-room of the vestry, where also may be seen a hatchment, the last one used among us. When it is considered that this stately edifice was designed by an amateur, Dr. John Kearsley, and erected when Philadelphia was but a small town, it seems truly surprising that our boasted improvement and vastly increased means have yet left it the proud cathedral building of the city. It has always been admired, and it so impressed the architect Strickland, that he executed an excellent large painting of it for the late Judge Kane, from whom it went to its present possessor, Mr. Strickland Kneass.

An edifice of the magnitude of Christ Church, prosecuted to completion at so early a time, must have seemed to the

simple-minded people of the day a work of magic. Could ordinary minds comprehend the grand unselfishness of a man possessed of the compelling power of a majestic will, they would at once cease to be ordinary. As this is impossible, we are not to be surprised that in 1743 Dr. John Kearsley presented a petition to the vestry, representing that since 1727 he had served as Trustee and overseer in carrying on and rebuilding the church; that he had greatly neglected his private affairs; had undergone much fatigue; and had always been in advance large sums of money, some part of which he conceived had not been discharged to that day; for all of which he had not received any consideration, or the least acknowledgment; but instead thereof had been frequently loaded with calumny and ill-treated by members of the congregation. At his request a committee was appointed to audit his accounts. In due time they reported the balance due him, and after speaking of his effective labors, they say, "And we are of opinion that the uniformity and beauty of the structure, so far as it appears now finished, is greatly owing to the assiduity, care, pains, and labor of him the said Doctor John Kearsley;" and they recommended "that he should be entreated to continue his further care and circumspection henceforth, for the completion thereof." He did so, for he loved the church of which he had become a vestryman so early as 1719. In 1772 he died, in his eighty-eighth year, and by his will he bequeathed in trust to the United Churches of Christ's and St. Peter's the greater part of his estate for the establishment of a hospital for widows. His nephew, also a Dr. Kearsley, was a victim to the mob spirit of the time of the Revolution, and leaving the city the name was no longer known here. In 1789 Joseph Dobbins, of South Carolina, proposed to give to the hospital his entire estate, and confirmed his intention by his will which took effect on his death in 1804. As his estate included the lot of ground bounded by Spruce and Pine Streets between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, it can readily be understood how there came into existence so fine an establishment as that of Christ Church Hospital, situated on the west of the Park about a mile

north of George's Hill. Measures that promise to be successful were taken some years ago to secure a sufficient endowment that Christ Church may be preserved, not alone as a monument, but for a continuance in the future of its career of usefulness. The chime of fine-toned bells bid the faithful to their prayers on Sunday and also on Wednesday and Friday of each week. And until 1871, on the evenings of Tuesday and Friday, to gladly listening ears they pealed out in joyous chime—

“Market-day to-morrow.”

In my early childhood a story ran, that on a bleak November evening, as two lads, both now living, passed Christ Church, they heard a weird, unearthly voice exclaiming, as they supposed, “I am in the bells, smothering.” Its reiteration arrested their attention, and seeking the sexton of the church, with him they entered it, and searched the steeple as well as the whole of the edifice, but without success. As they emerged from the building, after their fruitless effort, still the voice was heard, though feebler now, until in the course of about an hour it ceased. A month or more afterwards they heard, but never knew whether it was true or not, that for an entombment, the iron door of one of the ancient places of sepulchre, on the north side of the church, had then been recently opened, and that there, upon the steps, lay the body of a young lady in her shroud, who had been buried as dead, but reviving, had ascended them, alas! there to meet her fate. This is the story, as clear and distinct to my mind now as it was when first I heard it. One of the persons who heard the voice and made the search has recently again related the event to me. Mr. Bringhurst, the undertaker, assured me, some years ago, that no such incident could have occurred without his knowledge, and that none such had occurred. The story, however, has always haunted me, and is indelibly associated with my early recollections of the church.

Pewter-Platter Alley is opposite the church, and extends to Front Street. It took its name from Enoch Story's inn, situ-

ated there, which displayed that useful, and at the time almost universal, household article as its sign. With an energetic spirit of progress, almost amounting to restlessness, the power of the city government was invoked some years ago, and with all the forms of law, and by its authority, the name of the alley was duly changed, and great honor was conferred thereby upon that noted citizen, Mr. Jones. A few years of his name was, however, considered sufficient, for in this country each one must have his share, and now it is again changed, this time to Church Street. It rarely happens that the tendency to confer these cheap and empty honors can be checked. One instance, however, can be recalled. When the bill to change the name of Elbow Lane, in Third Street north of Chestnut, to Leland Place, had passed one chamber of Councils, it was defeated in the other by the proposal of a compromise—to combine the old and the proposed name, and to call it “Leland’s Elbow Lane.”

It was shortly after Gabriel Thomas wrote of Pennsylvania that John Evans became its Governor. He was in the exuberance of youth, and of a spirit not easily to be repressed, so he flogged a constable. Not only was the peace of the king thus invaded, and from a most unwonted quarter, but a worthy subject was abused, for the constables of that day were selected from the men of property and of good repute. The affair was therefore a serious one; but as the Governor deemed himself also to be a person of some importance, the matter proved of no easy solution. At another time Evans and young William Penn were engaged in a frolic at the Pewter-Platter, and again the watch was beaten by the Governor, and again Friends were scandalized. No doubt had the career of the Governor been continued much longer a pewter-mug would aptly have been added to the platter that designated the inn.

Further to the east, in King, or Water Street as it is now styled, at the corner of the first alley north of High or Market Street, Chief-Justice Allen lived, about or after the middle of the last century. He had been a great merchant, and took a deep interest in the two expeditions fitted out by

Philadelphians, which sailed from this city in 1753 and 1754 to discover the Northwest Passage. The style of his establishment may be imagined from his famous coach with its four black horses, and his English coachman, who was an accomplished whip. In this stately manner would the Chief-Justice be driven to his fine country-seat at Mount Airy, where all that remains of so much grandeur is his name in "Allen's Lane." In Water Street was the residence in late years of Stephen Girard—his counting-room being on the ground-floor of the house. The brass knocker that ornamented his front door is preserved in the collection of the Historical Society. Returning to Second Street: on the east side, north of Pewter-Platter Alley, was the publishing office of that noted character, William Cobbett, who ejected highly concentrated venom from fretful quills, under the well-chosen pseudonym of Peter Porcupine. On the west side, near to Arch Street, there is, running westwardly, what once was Fromberger's Court, and in it was a Baptist church. Governor Samuel Ward, of Rhode Island, dying in this city while a member of the Continental Congress, was buried there, but some twenty years ago his remains were removed to his native place. The court is now named Ledger Place, and a factory occupies the site of the church. When the court reaches its western end, it turns southwardly until it joins Hartung's Alley. At the northwest corner of the junction are the walls, a few years ago increased in height, of a building that in its day was of some pretension. It is now connected with McKean, Borie & Newhall's great sugar refinery. It contained pieces of fine old furniture, now carefully preserved, and is thought to have been at one time the parsonage of Christ Church, and at another time used for the parish school. A parsonage or "minister's house" is spoken of in 1709, in 1750, and again in 1766, in the history of Christ Church, but the site is not mentioned. The George Inn, at the southwest corner of Second Street and Mulberry, or Arch, was the place of rendezvous of the New York and Baltimore mail coaches. Mulberry Street lost its name from

the arch over the gully in that street at Front, which was removed in 1721, leaving its legacy in the new name.

On the west side of Second Street above Arch, at No. 136, was Morris's brewery, old No. 86; at a later time the Newlins had it. It was a place of favorite resort for the British soldiers while they occupied the city. There is, or was, affixed to the house, as is said, Franklin's first lightning rod, still inviting the subtle fluid to gently leave or descend to the earth. No. 90 of the old numbering, about two-thirds of the distance to Race Street, was a two-storied double house of brick that stood some six or eight feet back from the line, the garden extending to Moravian Alley or Bread Street, about two hundred feet. Previous to 1740 it had been occupied, as is related, by a governor of the Province. In 1742 it became the residence of John Stephen Benezet, father of that Anthony whose good deeds done in the flesh have kept his memory green. To the north of this house the old No. 104 was the printing office of Charles Cist, a Russian by birth, the ancestor of persons well known here, and in Wilkes-Barré and Cincinnati. Conrad Zentler was Cist's successor, and for many successive years published the German Almanac. He also issued a German newspaper, entitled the *American Observer*. Coombe's Alley, just south of Arch Street, and Elfreth's Alley, north of it, both extending from Second Street to Front, should not be overlooked. The latter is unusually cleanly. They both contain many houses erected at an early time, and they present much the appearance of some of the narrow streets of London.

Out of Second Street, but near at hand, on the north side of Race Street near Third, at the old No. 87, Godfrey Haga, about 1778, established himself as a grocer. His success in business was considerable, and he became an importer of German goods. He afterwards lived, first at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market Streets, and subsequently in the "Gothic Mansion," built by John Dorsey, on the north side of Chestnut Street, east of Thirteenth. West of Third Street, the house No. 117, now No. 313, was, in the last century, the inn of Henry Epply. A party, the

Assembly, it is said, was once given there, and was patronized by Mrs. William Bingham. Washington, and Cornplanter, and Louis Philippe, according to the *Chronicler* Abraham Ritter, also indulged in festivities in that house. About the year 1806 it became the place of residence of John Warder, and in 1830 of his son-in-law John Bacon, spoken of in connection with Letitia Court, who continued to live there until a year or two before his death, in the year 1859. A red frame building of but one story, or as some more correctly held but about two-thirds of a story, in height, on the west side of Third Street below Race, No. 94, now No. 148, was the place of business of Frederick Beates from Lancaster County, until his death, in 1841. In a career of many years as a scrivener, he was justly distinguished for remarkable proficiency, and was not less noted for his almost absurdly moderate charges, which however, with his economy, resulted in the accumulation of a competent fortune. To the south of the hut where Beates labored, on the east side of Third Street, below Arch, there was in former days Hieskell's City Hotel. It was at that house, 'tis said, that the humorous Dr. Chapman was introduced to some Indian warriors then on a visit to the cities of the palefaces. As he took the hand of the celebrated Black Hawk, he said, "I am glad to meet so famous a chieftain." Then turning to an Indian boy alongside, he continued, "This, I suppose, is your son, Tommy Hawk." The story no doubt arose from an occurrence at Nicholas Biddle's dinner table. Dr. Chapman being asked what was the name of Black Hawk's son, at once replied "Tommy Hawk." General Jackson, while President, was entertained at the City Hotel; and John Randolph of Roanoke died there. Opposite to its site, but perhaps a little to the southward, in the rear of Nos. 46 and 48 North Third Street, inclosed by walls, and now inaccessible, is a burial place, not yet desecrated. The story connected with it, as I heard it in my youth, was that a successful carpenter, whose shop was on the lot, directed "that he should be buried there, and just at the head of his carpenter's bench, so that

the shavings as they fell might make sweet music to his soul."

Sassafras Street led directly to the Race-course, and was used for speeding horses, and so it lost its name, and now is known to us as Race Street. At the southeast corner of it and Second Street, there was, about the beginning of the century, the *Pension Française*, with its forty windows all filled with refugees from the bloody massacres in the French Islands. Guillermin's history of that revolution, in St. Domingo, was published, in 1810, by P. M. Lafourcade, who lived at the northwest corner. The great double house that stood on the west side of Front Street, below Race, was the mansion of John Swift, Collector of the Port in Colonial times, and afterwards of Isaac Wharton, who in the year 1796 sold it to Henry Pratt. Its amplitude of front-door steps has been perpetuated by the race of its later owners at their mansions in Walnut Street at Twentieth. Alexander James Dallas, at one time Secretary of the Treasury of the Federal Government, had his residence also on the west side of Front Street, but nearer to Arch, the number being 80, now 110. When the British occupied the city Colonel Abercrombie, a brother of the English general who was killed in Egypt, was quartered in Whitehead's house, in Valley or Vine Street, the second house west of Cable Lane or New Market Street.

We return again to Second Street, but by way of Valley Street, as Vine once was called; nothing but shops, and these with such an endless variety of goods as would have sadly puzzled the Sultan, who in the story of the Arabian Nights confined each business to its respective quarter. Along this street all seem mixed up—apothecary shops, and stove and crockery stores, blacksmiths and whitesmiths, snuff shops and coppersmiths, ironmongers, and the needful stores of grocery are lost among the vastly more numerous displays of drygoods. Tea stores, with the brilliant color which of late that trade has assumed, stand out sufficiently marked in the southern portion of the street, but as we go northward some enterprising tobacconist, or even some other dealer, assumes

what for a while was thought to be an appropriated color, and at last all is dire confusion—there seems to be one endless variety store, miles in length.

New Street, just to the south of Vine, now extends from Front Street to Fourth. It is not, however, in an unbroken line, nor is it of equal width. From Front to Second Street it was formerly called Key's Alley; from Second Street to Third, Elm Street; and from Third Street to Fourth, Story Street. This latter name was lost at an early day, for Duponceau, after speaking of the experience of Baron Steuben and himself at the Slate-Roof House, says: "The next day a house was provided for us in New Street, where we staid but a few days, being anxious to join the army. That quarter of the city was then inhabited almost entirely by Germans; hardly any other language than the German was heard in the streets, or seen on the signs in front of the shops, so that Baron Steuben fancied himself again in his native country." This feature of that part of Philadelphia has been continued, and has extended over a vastly greater area. Some twenty years ago, in a long walk of a summer evening along Second Street, and Cable Lane or New Market Street, and Ann, as part of St. John Street once was called, near to and parallel with Second, I heard nothing but German spoken, and found it difficult to realize that I was in America. That part of New Street between Front and Second was formerly called Key's Alley, and at that time the "North Meeting-House of Friends," now at Sixth and Noble Streets, was situated there. The alley took its name from John Key, who was born in 1682, in a cave at the northwest corner of Vine and King, or Water Street, where afterwards stood the "Penny-Pot House," that in after years came to be called the "Jolly-Tar Inn." As Key was the first born of the colonists settled at Philadelphia, under the grant by Charles II., William Penn signalized the event by issuing to him a warrant for a lot of ground, 49½ feet by 306 feet, on the south side of Race Street, opposite to Penington's Alley, now Crown Street. Swarthmore Place, opening from the east side of Second Street, and to the south of Key's Alley, when one is

fairly in it, appears to be quite open and clean. There are within view, however, rows of smaller houses, in narrower courts, that seem to promise a less agreeable sight. A greater width of Vine and Dock Streets, at the river front, may be accounted for by the fact that between these points the river bank was higher, while at them the low land afforded good landing places. Consequently, in 1701, William Penn ordained, "that the landing-places, now and heretofore at the Penny-Pot House and Blue Anchor, shall be kept open and common for the use of the city." A fire that occurred on the 9th of July, 1850, extended along Second Street from New northward, and eastwardly to the river, and destroyed three hundred and sixty-seven houses. On some of the lots in Front Street near Vine no houses have, since then, been erected. The ancient District of the Northern Liberties is now at hand. Dr. John Goodson, "Practitioner of Physic," and perhaps the first one here, came to Upland (Chester), in 1680, but when Penn arrived, he immediately moved hither. His marriage, from the Northern Liberties, is recorded in 1711.

We are again in Front Street, and near Callowhill, named after William Penn's second wife, and not after the "Gallows Hill," as many have supposed, and not without some reason. An Indian who had committed a murder was hung at Pegg's Run, at the junction of Cable Lane. The crowd that assembled to witness the execution stood upon the hill which afterwards took the name of "Gallows Hill." From the river Delaware to Fourth Street Callowhill was formerly called New Street. As early as 1785 Captain Charles Biddle lived in Front Street somewhere between Callowhill Street and Poole's Bridge over the Cohocksink, as the Indians styled the little stream that afterwards our people called Pegg's Run. He removed some years later to a house in Chestnut Street below Fifth, that stood where the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives, etc., now has its office. Highly esteemed in Berks County, where at one time he had lived, its sturdy people made him their representative in the Supreme Executive Council. There he was made Vice-President,

Dr. Franklin being President. The infirmities of age were upon this veteran, so that there devolved on Biddle most of the duties of the office. In 1793, when "Terror" held its sway in France, the French frigate *Ambuscade*, citizen Bompart commanding, came up the river and anchored off Callowhill Street wharf. Her crew riotously took to the streets, threatening the English who were here. This made her stay brief, for our people liked not such doings, and so she sailed away. On the first of August, off Long Branch, she met the British frigate *Boston*, Captain Courtenay, a nephew of the Earl of Bute, and a relative of Viscount Courtenay, commanding. They fought for two hours or more, when they drew off, both having received great damage, and both commanders being killed. Captain Biddle, at that time passing the summer at Long Branch, witnessed the action from the porch of his boarding-house.

As Cable Lane, or New Market Street, crosses Callowhill, openings appear at each corner, and on them the "Greenwich Markets" were formerly held. Adjoining the northeast corner of the "Diamond" was Hare's ancient brewery, afterwards Gaul's, and now belonging to Mr. John F. Betz. The southwest corner revives an early recollection. In my boyhood, as I walked in Second Street, I have seen striding along with majestic tread a grave and sombre-looking man clad entirely in white. His coat and trowsers, if my memory serves, were of duck, and of the same material were the shoes he wore, as also was the formally shaped hat upon his head. He carried in his hand a small tin case. He was a barber; so as he led the people by the nose, perhaps he was in some degree justified in his fancy that he was the King of Spain, and that the people he thus led were his subjects. His "Castle in Spain" consisted of a small frame house, on wheels, that stood upon the southwest corner of the "Diamond."

In 1709, Penn, contemplating a return to this country, wrote: "Pray get Daniel Pegg's, or some such remote place, in good order for me and family." Long afterwards the place continued to be "remote," for Butler kept the kennel of hounds for the Fox-Hunting Club near by. The kennel

was on the brow of the hill, north of Callowhill Street and about sixty feet west of Second. To the northeast of this is Glenwood Court, extending from Pegg Street to Bloody Lane, or Noble Street. No man who ever had anything to do with the painfully rectangular system of Philadelphia streets, could have had a hand in devising a place with so many and such narrow approaches, and yet with so much accommodation in its interior. Westmore Place, somewhat to the north, is reached through a three-foot alley-way alongside of No. 515 North Second Street. It contains six houses of brick, three stories in height, the walls of the upper stories projecting some three feet and supported by iron columns. The open view, the quietude and cleanliness of the place, and the satisfaction of the occupants in having so agreeable a place of residence, are calculated to disabuse the mind of a visitor of much of his preconceived notions as to courts being necessarily undesirable as places of residence. A little to the north of Westmore Place is Buttonwood Street, the eastern end of which, from Second to Third, was formerly called Tamany, after a most justly honored king of the Indians. Oliver Evans and John Fitch, whose names are so indelibly connected with transportation by means of steam—the one on the water and the other on the land—both lived in North Second Street. Owing, however, to the change in numbering, it would not perhaps be easy to determine the exact places. In 1791, “John Fitch, owner of the steamboat,” was at No. 462. In 1793, Oliver Evans was at No. 437, and in 1796 he was at No. 215. At that time No. 201 was just to the south of Vine Street.

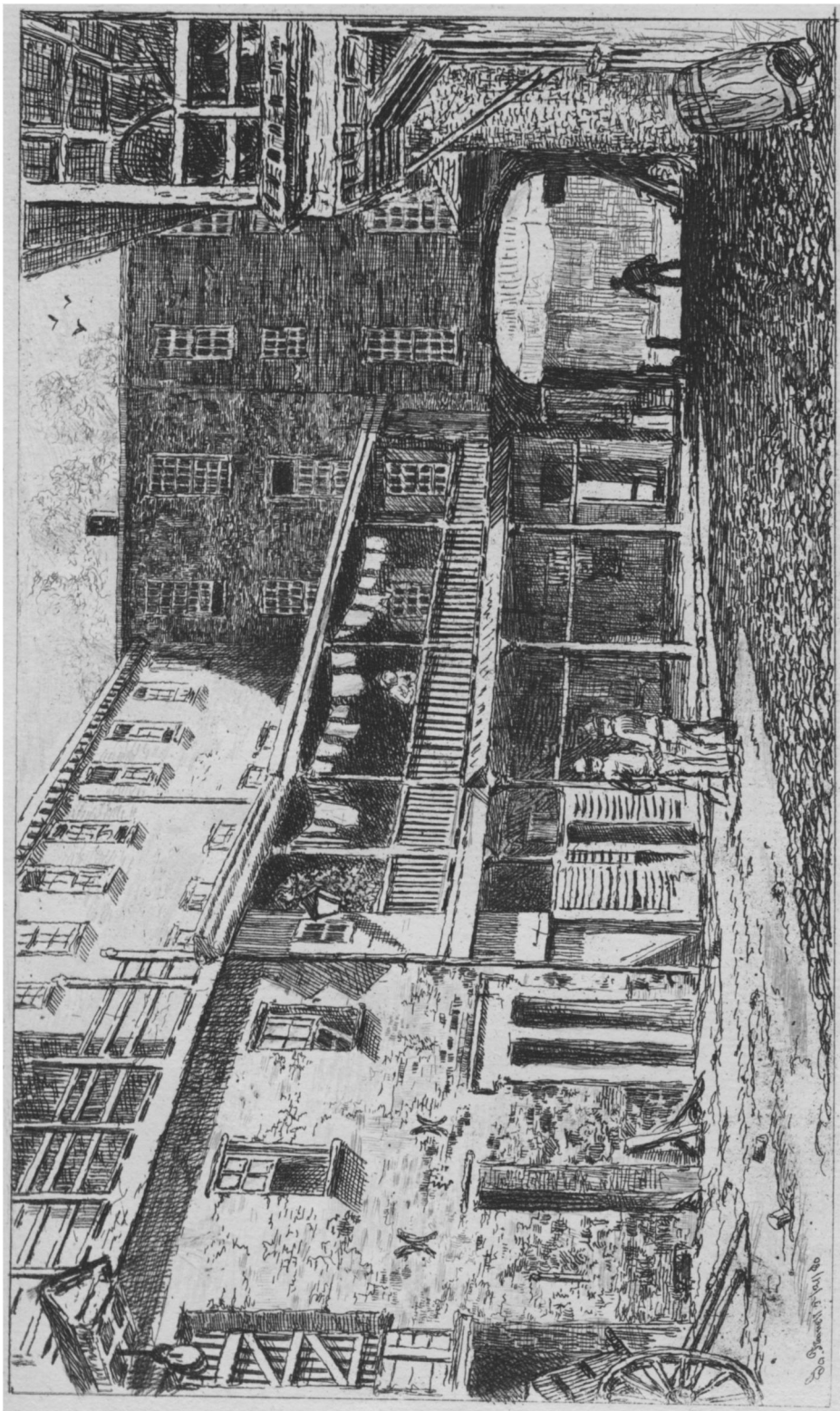
Artillery Lane, afterwards Duke Street, and now Dana, heralds the region known more than a century ago as “Cam-pington.” The war of 1756, that raged over the four quarters of the earth, with results that made Pitt so famous, was begun in Pennsylvania, and at the place where his name is perpetuated, where Pittsburgh now is, at the forks of the Ohio. That important place being an objective point, British regiments were quickly gathered in this city, and barracks extending from Tamany to Green, and from Second to Third

Streets, were erected for them. The hall afterwards used by the Commissioners of the late District of the Northern Liberties, situated on the east side of Third Street below Green, was built for the officers. In 1765, not long after the barracks were erected, there was an attempt to make, in the region hereabouts, "The town of Bath in the Northern Liberties." The site was south of George Street, and extended westward to Sixth, but it seems not certain how near it came to Second Street. It was a short-lived bantling, but that it was a reality may be seen from the ticket preserved in the collections of the Historical Society, which sets forth that "The Possessor of this Ticket, having paid One Pistole, is entitled to the Privilege of using the Cold Bath during the Season." The sign was "The Rose of Bath," and it would seem that Dr. Kearsley was one of the projectors.

Among those who came here in the early times were the family of Coats. For a while they lived in a cave which was situated at the southwest corner of Green and Front Streets. After no great length of time they erected a building there, and with some degree of pride they preserved their cave in the cellar of the house. In 1831 it was spoken of as remaining until about that time. William Coats, Sr., of this family, died on the first of April, 1749, and bequeathed a lot of ground at the corner of Third and Brown Streets to his family for their burial-place. It remained until about 1848. He also left an adjoining lot on which a church was to be erected. The family gave its name to a street that has now lost it, while the name of Brown Street was taken from a son-in-law of William Coats, Sr. In the case of Coates Street the letter "e" is incorrect, while in Brown Street it is just as incorrectly omitted. Fairmount Avenue is composed of Coates Street from the Delaware to Old York Road; Hickory Lane from Old York Road to Ridge Avenue; Vineyard Lane, Plumsted Lane, afterwards Francis Lane, and then New Hickory Lane, from Ridge Avenue to the Schuylkill River; the whole being subsequently known as Coates Street and now as Fairmount Avenue. Poplar Street from the Delaware to Front Street was formerly Marsh Street. It was perhaps near here, and to the eastward—but the site seems

to be unknown—that “Bachelor’s Hall,” a club-house of the Colonial era, was situated.

Second Street, from Fairmount Avenue to Poplar Street, is again of increased width, affording room for two market houses. In earlier days the farmers themselves almost exclusively supplied the markets, a custom fortunately not altogether abandoned. The market houses of North and South Second Street, whose united length is about half a mile, important as they may seem, sink into an insignificance that can hardly be estimated by one who has not seen the sight, some twenty years ago, of a “Market Day” on Wednesday or Saturday, particularly that one preceding Christmas. On such a day the entire street for its whole three miles was lined with waggons, without horses and close to each other, and all would be so loaded with provisions as to impress the beholder with the fact that he was in the centre of one of the most bountiful regions of the earth. Full supplies in the early days of poor roads, were, however, in a great degree dependent on good weather. For the accommodation of the farmers and their horses numerous hostelries were required, and these were constructed after the fashion our forefathers used in England. An unpretending front had—and as some remain, it may be said has—alongside of it an arched passage-way for horses and waggons into a most spacious court-yard, back of which is extensive stabling. The numerous rooms of the ample rear buildings open on the long galleries that surround and overlook the court-yard. Such, almost identical in its features, was “The Tabard,” where the poet Chaucer met the Canterbury pilgrims, or the hostel from the portals of which, in a later day, issued the humorous Samuel Weller. Looking upon such a place the entire significance of the word “Inn” may be fully realized. In such court-yards, in the time of Shakspeare, plays were acted before audiences, the richer part of the spectators occupying the galleries. Supported on a stout pole in front of the inn would be a sign-board, and painted thereon by a West, a Rutter, or a Woodside, would be a “Camel,” a “Bull’s Head,” a “Rising Sun,” or the favorite “King of Prussia,” as fancy might suggest.



BLACK HORSE INN YARD.

352 AND 354 NORTH 2^d ST.

Between Race and Laurel Streets, and in some of those near by, such inns and signs may yet be seen.

We turn again into Front Street, and at a point of more than ordinary interest. Just prior to the battle of Brandywine Washington's army passed through Philadelphia, marching down Front Street to Chestnut and out that street to "The Common," at Centre Square. Though not well uniformed it presented a creditable appearance. The result of the defeat at Brandywine is to be found in what the newspapers of the day have to say. September 26, 1778. "The British and Hessian Grenadiers, with a detachment of Royal Artillery, marched into and took possession of the city of Philadelphia. They passed down Second Street, headed by Colonel Harcourt (afterwards the Earl), with a party of Light Dragoons, under the command of Earl Cornwallis, who was attended at the head of the Grenadiers by Sir William Erskine, Commissary-General Wier, and a number of other officers of distinction, with the band of music playing 'God Save the King.'"

The proud array of armed hosts came, and it went away; and with it there departed of the civil population three thousand loyal people, who fearing to meet the wrath of the incoming Americans went into exile. This was much in the style of the republics of Greece in ancient days, which shows that lust after power and property remains about the same in the human breast. Recently, by the liberality of some of its members, the Historical Society secured the "Plans of the English Lines near Philadelphia," drawn by Colonel Lewis Nicola immediately after the evacuation. They have proved of great service in furnishing material that otherwise could not have been obtained. Colonel Nicola denotes by red crosses the twenty-nine houses that were destroyed in order to properly construct the works, or that their efficiency might not be obstructed. Redoubt No. 1 was on the river bank at the mouth of the Conoquonoke, which is now about at the foot of Laurel Street. The entrance into the British lines was by Front Street, at the point where the German-town Avenue begins, and the works there were apparently

formidable. A little outside of that point barriers were erected across both the road to Germantown and that to Kensington or Frankford, with a crémaillère work between them, cut out of the bank that extended from one road to the other. Redoubt No. 2 was on the west side of Front Street; and Redoubt No. 3 on the west side of Third, while a little further to westward there was a lunette. The works extended along Poplar Lane, abatis running from redoubt to redoubt. Redoubt No. 10 was on Fairmount, where the basin now is, two and a-half miles from the first redoubt; and the last redoubt, guarding the Schuylkill, at the Middle Ferry, was just where the intersection of Twenty-second Street and Chestnut now is; and one mile south of Redoubt No. 10. An "Advanced Redoubt" was on the high ground not far to the northwest of where now Girard Avenue crosses Broad Street. Dr. William A. Irvine remembers playing, when a boy, among the ruins of Redoubt No. 10, and from that point he could see, about the year 1815, the beautiful bridge that then had recently spanned the Schuylkill at the Upper Ferry. This marvellous structure was four hundred feet long, the chord of the arch three hundred and forty feet, ninety-eight feet longer than any other bridge then known. It was constructed on a novel principle, and was designed and executed by Lewis Wernwag, who in the course of his work conceived, it is said, the plan of the present Water Works. By preserving the charming natural scenery of the place, he has ultimately had much to do with bringing about the great Park at Fairmount.

At Otter Street, in Second, is the double house of the Fidler family, recently vacated, and near by are two or three other houses used only as dwellings, but with these exceptions the long array of shops is continued, and even still further to the north, for between the avenues of Germantown and Girard, there are again but two or three so used. On the east side, at the corner of Jefferson Street, stands the large Roman Catholic Church of St. Michael. Above this the buildings are mostly dwelling houses. At Berks Street factories begin to appear, and lumber yards, and an occasional vacant lot;

and for the distance of half a mile only about one-third of the lots are built upon. In this vicinity is a small German church, erected in 1874. Above Susquehanna Avenue there are numerous houses, nearly all exclusively used as dwellings. These are on a part of the Norris estate, which fronts on Germantown Avenue. Above Huntingdon Street there are but few buildings, and still fewer above Lehigh Avenue, where the end of the pavement is reached. It will be observed that the streets in the northern part of the city are named, to a great extent, after the counties of the State. To the west of this upper part of Second Street, at some little distance, is the Kensington Reservoir, and to the east, on Lehigh Avenue, are the fine grounds and stately buildings of the Episcopal Hospital, a charity founded by Bishop Potter, and owing much to the liberality of the late Miss Leamy and to Mr. John Welsh.

The region to the east and to the west of this upper part of Second Street, from Brown Street northwardly, is so filled with factories as to arrest the attention of a visitor. It may be that this is, in a considerable degree, the result of a successful business long pursued by one family, and thus John Harrison demands some notice. He was a son of Thomas Harrison, a Friend, who came from London in 1763, and married Sarah Richards, of Chester County. She was a Quaker preacher who visited Europe, and who, while there, had an interview with George III. John Harrison was an apprentice in the apothecary shop of Speakman, at No. 24 South Second Street. He also had the advantage of having studied in England and under the eminent Joseph Priestley, who discovered oxygen and who left England on account of his political principles, and came to Northumberland, in Pennsylvania. In 1793, John Harrison was the first one in this country to manufacture oil of vitriol, and in 1801 he was for a while of the firm of Betton & Harrison. The early works were on the north side of Green Street, east of Fourth. The business, not being sufficiently remunerative, was for a time closed, but in 1804 it was resumed, however, at a new place. This was near the Frankford Road, at the first toll-gate, where

Huntingdon Street crosses Second, where it was continued for many years, and where are now the works of the "Western White Lead Company," under the same proprietorship. Harrison's mansion-house, long the residence of his son-in-law, Benjamin P. Hunt, stands on the Frankford Avenue, in this vicinity. Sulphuric acid is the most important chemical of the arts, but being an article that cannot easily bear transportation, on account of the necessity to pack it in glass and the consequent danger of breakage, other industries requiring it must gather around the works where the needful article is made. Towards them, therefore, are drawn the textile fabric manufacturer, who needs to have his yarns bleached or dyed; the paper manufacturer; the iron worker; the button manufacturer; the galvanizer; the calico printer; the manufacturer of colors; of white lead, who uses vinegar distilled from wood; as well as a host of others. So diversified a manufacturing population attracts to itself other industries not so intimately dependent on the acid, but which require the skilled workmen who abound in such a region. The works for the manufacture of the acid, on a vastly enlarged scale, have now been transferred to Gray's Ferry, whence transportation by rail or water is readily effected to all points. We can now easily understand Liebig when he says, "The quantity of sulphuric acid made in a country is a sure index to its wealth and prosperity," and also appreciate the value of the labour of John Harrison when it is considered that he saw this article sold at seventy-five cents the pound, while his sons have seen it sold for one and a-half cents the pound.

Second Street continued is for near a mile the turnpike, when begins the Newtown Railroad. Gunner's Run, passing through Lippincott's woods, is just half a mile north of Lehigh Avenue, and the Richmond branch of the Reading Railroad not quite that distance. In going northward from Fairmount Avenue, or Coates Street, the course of the river Delaware is again to the eastward, and much more so than is the case below the old Navy Yard. The Richmond coal wharves, to the southeast, are more than one and a half

miles distant from Second Street at Lehigh Avenue. Due east, the river is about two and three-quarter miles from Second Street; the distance along the river bank between the two points being about one and a half miles.

The entire length of pavement in Second Street is twenty-seven thousand feet, or rather more than five miles. The street is compactly built for the distance of three and a half miles, and most of the buildings contain goods for sale. Computing the average width of houses to be twenty feet, which, however, is too much, there are more than two thousand shops, and in all not less than two thousand five hundred buildings, nearly all of which are occupied by families. The number of inhabitants of the street can therefore be but little, if any, short of seventeen thousand. A striking feature of the street is the small number of churches, there being but four, and of these two are quite small. What most distinctly stamps the street as a great thoroughfare, is the fact that very nearly all the buildings are occupied. Throughout its great length there were in 1869 twelve houses for sale and fourteen houses and seven rooms to rent. Some of the houses had been quite recently erected. In September, 1879, there were six houses for sale and sixty houses and eleven rooms to rent.

The great Indian King, Tamany, lived, it is said, at Shackamaxon, not far from the course of our walk. And Fairman, too, that early pioneer, lived there also, who, the year before Penn's arrival, went to Burlington to be married, as the records of the Quaker Meeting at that place show. He speaks, in 1682-3, of "The leaving of my house in the winter season for the Proprietor's use," so that William Penn also once lived there. In this antiquarian pilgrimage one would therefore naturally be led to seek the site of Penn's Treaty with the Indians at this same place, Shackamaxon. It is situated on the margin of the Lenape-Wihittuck of the Indians; or the Swenska River of the West Indies, according to the Swedes; or the river Delaware, named after Lord De la Warr, of England, far to the east of the northern part of Second Street, and to reach it we leave Second Street at

Laurel, and pass by Disston's great works, northeastwardly for the distance of a mile or more, to near Cramp's Dry Dock. There, on the east side of Beach Street, north of Hanover, stands a mean-looking and ill-cared-for monument, near the site of the "Treaty Elm Tree." The exact spot was marked by a post in the ground at the distance of about fifty feet in a line S.S.E. from the monument. An Act of the Legislature of 1852 authorized the purchase of the ground around the site, but it has not yet been carried into effect.

It has been urged that there was no treaty made at Shackamaxon, because there is no record of the words spoken there. No such record is needed, for the treaty was one of friendship, and not one of purchase, as was for a long time usually stated in historical works. The Indian title to the land along the river Delaware had been extinguished many years before Penn's arrival here. There are in existence letters of Penn to the Indians, telling them of his intention to meet them and to live with them in amity. It is known that he did so meet them and did so live with them. If, therefore, everything concerning the Treaty under the Elm Tree be swept away but the bare fact that Penn and the Indians clasped their hands in friendship, and that that friendship remained unbroken, yet the treaty so made must stand, perhaps alone, but ever to be held as one of the greatest moral events in the history of the world. There where the Elm Tree stood, held sacred by British soldiers in 1778, the monument stands, and there may it stand until there is a more fitting recognition of the spot which the lapse of time only makes more remarkable as the locality where a treaty was made "which was not sworn to, and never broken."